Nor. A good direction warlike soueraigne, *He sheweth*
This found I on my tent this morning. *him a paper.*

Iockey of Norfolke be not so bold,
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.

King. A thing deuised by the enemie.
Go Gentlemen euery man vnto his charge,
Let not our babling dreames affright our soules:
Conscience is but a word that cowards vse,
Deuisd at first to keepe the strong in awe,
Our strong armes be our conscience swords our lawe.
March on, ioyne brauely, let vs to it pell mell,
If not to heauen, then hand in hand to hell.

His Oration to his Armie.

What shall I say more then I haue inferd?
Remember whom you are to cope withall,
A sort of vagabonds, rascols and runawaies,
A scum of Brittains, and base lackey peasants,
Whom their oreclogd country vomits forth,
To desperate aduentures and assurd destruction,
You sleeping safe, they bring you to vnrest,
You hauing lands and blest with beauteous wiues,
They would restraine the one, distaine the other,
And who doth lead them but a paltrey fellow?
Long kept in Brittaine at our mothers cost,
A milkesopt, one that neuer in his life
Felt so much cold as ouer shooes in snow:
Lets whip these straglers ore the seas againe,
Lash hence these ouerweening rags of France,
These famisht beggers wearie of their liues,
Who but for dreaming on this fond exployt,
For want of means poore rats had hangd themselues,
If we be conquered, let men conquer vs,
And not these bastard Brittains whom our fathers
Haue in their owne land beaten, bobd and thumpt,
And in record left them the heires of shame.
Shall these enioy our lands, lie with our wiues?
Rauish our daughters, harke I heare their drum,
Fight Gentlemen of England, fight boldly yeomen,
Drawarchers

Mt. bold yermen

Drawarchers draw, your arrowes to the head,
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in bloud,
Amaze the welkin with your broken staues,
What saies lord Stanley, will he bring his power?

Mes. My lord, he doth denie to come,

King. Off with his sonne Georges head.

Nor. My lord, the enemie is past the marsh,
After the battaile let George Stanley die.

King. A thousand harts are great within my bosome,
Aduance our standards, set vpon our foes.
Our ancient word of courage fare saint George
Inspire vs with the spleene of fierie Dragons,
Vpon them, victorie sits on our helmes. *Exeunt.*

Alarum, excursions, Enter Catesbie.

Cates. Rescew my lord of Norffolke, rescew, rescew.
The king enacts more wonders then a man,
Daring an opposite to euerie danger,
His horse is slaine, and all on foote he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death,
Rescew faire lord, or else the day is lost.

Enter Richard.

Kin. A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse.

Cates. Withdraw my lord, ile helpe you to a horse.

King. Slaue I haue set my life vpon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die,
I thinke there be sixe Richmonds in the field,
Fiue haue I slaine to day, in stead of him,
A horse, a horse, my kingdome for a horse.

Alarum, Enter Richard and Richmond, they fight, Richard is slain, then retrait being sounded. Enter Richmõd, Darby, bearing the crowne, with other Lords, &c.

Ri. God and your armes be praised victorious friends,
The day is ours, the bloodie dog is dead.

Dar. Couragious Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee,
Loe here this long vsurped roialties
From the dead temples of this bloudie wretch,
Haue I pluckt off to grace thy browes withall,
Weare it, enioy it, and make much of it.

M3

32 freends

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